

Boston, April 10, 1863.

Ever Beloved Friend:

It will be thirty years, next month, since I first visited England; twenty-three since my second, and seventeen since my last. It has been strongly in my mind to commemorate the third decade by making another visit across the water this summer, but I am reluctantly compelled to forego that unspeakable enjoyment.

Let me introduce to you the bearer of this, Moncure D. Conway, a native Virginian, allied to the most respectable families in that State, and the author of two admirable works for the times, entitled "The Rejected Stone," and "The Golden Hour." He is all heart and soul in the cause of the oppressed — abhors Southern secession and slavery, and understands them both thoroughly — and visits England for the purpose of testifying against them as a Southern man.

He has a brilliant mind, and is a racy writer and speaker. His case is so remarkable, that it would be strange if he failed to create a sensation among your people. No such witness has ever before visited your country. He wittily says that, as the ostracised son of a slaveholder, he ought to be as good as a Southern contraband in drawing an audience. I trust his mission will be eminently useful to the cause of international peace and universal emancipation. As a pulpit preacher, (Unitarian,) he has been, like Abdiel, "faithful among the faithless found"; but his taste is not particularly clerical. Any attention you can show him will be very gratefully appreciated by us both.

While the course of the English government towards our own seems to be, if not flagrantly hostile, at least very unfriendly, in allowing so many piratical vessels to be built for the use of the Southern Confederacy, and to destroy our commerce,

we are cheered and strengthened by the many popular demonstrations made in our behalf, there showing that the heart of the people is right, however perverse may be the Tory and aristocratic element. Nevertheless, unless your government put a stop to the furnishing of iron clads for the piratical Confederates, it is to be feared that public exasperation here will culminate in demanding of the government a declaration of war against England, sooner or later. Such an event is to be contemplated with horror; for both countries would be able to inflict the most frightful injuries upon each other, and cause immense suffering throughout the civilized world. God grant that none may be permitted to see a spectacle so revolting and unnatural! England can have no possible interest in the success of the Southern Confederacy. Slavery is as commercially unfruitful, as it is morally unjust and atrocious. Freedom is the life of the universe.

Are you never coming to America, as a matter of recreation? — if not in the midst of hot rebellious war, at least when peace shall have won the victory, and the jubilee for the oppressed ^{been} everywhere consummated — an event I hope not to be greatly prolonged ^{before its realization.} You don't know how many here would rejoice to welcome you to their homes, in different parts of the country; for you are remembered with the highest esteem and the sincerest affection.

Enclosed, you will find cartes de visite of myself and all the children — "the latest edition." I regret that I have not a good one of my dear wife to send also, but you shall have it when it can be obtained. Can you send me yours in return?

I have also forwarded a set to dear Eliza Wigham — the only difference being in the attitude of my oldest son George.

Your much attached friend,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.
Elizabeth Pease Nichol.